THE

ORDEAL.

N°. 7.] SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 18, 1809. [Vol. 1.

POLITICKS.

WE are governed by a set of drivellers, whose folly takes away all dignity from distress, and makes even calamity ridiculous. STEELE.

I believe there is yet a spirit of resistance in this country, which will not submit to be oppressed; but I am sure there is a fund of good sense in this country, which cannot be deceived. JUNIUS.

LETTER.—N°. 4.

To the Honourable JAMES MADISON, Secretary of State.

SIR,

AS by the suffrages of the people you are soon to be exalted to the highest official situation in their gift, it is expected that from the point of your elevation, you will observe with circumspection the paths which will then be unfolded to your view. Though we have no reason to believe that Mr. Jefferson's successor, the man who has been declared to be pledged to continue the course of his policy, will be eminently wise or scrupulously virtuous; yet we are willing for the present to suspend the clamours of opposition, in silent solicitude and breathless attention. It will be difficult for you, in the most sincere anxiety for the publick welfare, ever to restore to us our former happiness, the measures of your predecessor have so effectually destroyed our hopes; but though the best expedient to be adopted at this crisis may create some doubt, the path of honour and integrity can never be mistaken, and should never be deserted. I hope, sir, the intoxication of success will not render you neglectful of the precautions of prudence, nor careless of the lessons of monition. Recollect the mutability of popular favour. A single hiss has oftentimes been sufficient to change the most tumultuous plaudits into clamorous reprobation. The scrutiny with which your conduct will be investigated, ought not to be considered unreasonable or unjust; you ought rather to be stim-

ulated by it to efforts of virtuous exertion. But in the practice of your virtue let your conduct be so fair and unreserved, that, like Portia's, it may not only be free from objection but suspicion. We have too dearly experienced in your predecessor, that hypocrisy and sincerity have a strong exteriour resemblance; do not *you* disappoint us by suffering any thing to appear, which may be mistaken for the garb of virtue, covering the body of corruption. No, sir, in you we hope to realize more virtuous principles, more practical good, and more impartial justice, than have yet been shewn by the administration of the present men in power; but our hopes, we confess, are not so much the effects of just expectation, as our most earnest but presumptuous wishes.

We will not now enquire, sir, how honourably you have deserved the office to which you are destined; let Mr. Munroe, if he has the disposition, make the investigation. When he returned from Europe, the clamours of his party in favour of his being an opposing candidate for the presidency were both frequent and loud. He was expected to have divided the suffrages of Virginia, at least equally, with you; he justly complained of the treatment he experienced from Mr. Jefferson, on the treaty he had negociated with Great-Britain, and he excited the sympathies of his own party, and many federalists in his favour. How has it happened, by what excess of folly on his part has it been produced, that all this clamour for unworthy treatment, and all this increasing popularity have been suffered to subside into a silence, equally astonishing and profound? Was his affected satisfaction contained in his correspondence with the president only a gloss to cover the secret compensations of the cabinet? What powerful reasons, sir, did you present him, to induce him to relinquish his claims on the publick support; and how many did he require, to be convinced that the necessities of the country demanded a union of his party with yours? I ask you, sir, these questions, for you only can answer me in *words*; you will not do it, nor can I require it, since your *conduct* is a sufficient reply. But, sir, the arrangements between Mr. Munroe and yourself are of little consequence to the publick; they are minor considerations, whilst the people are overwhelmed with calamity, which excites all their anxiety, and by means of a policy, which incurs all their reproach.

However *honest* Mr. Jefferson may have been supposed by his party, in the utmost extravagance of their belief, the most enthusiastick admirer cannot deny that his measures have involved the country in distress, which may terminate in destruction. The pertinacious adherence of the administration to the universal exemption of the American merchants' ships from search for deserters, has been the origin of the most serious difficulties which we endure. The principle which they have contended for is neither correct in argument, nor would it be beneficial in practice, even as far as it regards ourselves; and as it certainly would be utterly injurious to Great-Britain to concede it, we ought not to require the concession Our unaccommodating temper on this subject has evidently produced in the mind of that ministry, a belief that so long as such an administration as that of Mr. Jefferson continues in power, it will be vain to seek an adjustment of differences. Let us consider for a moment the present obstructions to an accommodation with that nation, by mentioning the principles which you have so long been labouring to establish, and those which Great-Britain has determined to enforce. First, we require the universal immunity of the neutral flag, as respects seamen; second, a complete participation in the commerce of one belligerent to the detriment of another: we have issued non-importation acts, we have proclaimed to the world the injustice of Great-Britain, interdicted the approach of her ships towards our harbours; refused to accept of an honourable reparation, for the national indignity we have sustained. Great-Britain, on the contrary, has cut short our claims, in respect to seamen, by her proclamations respecting that subject, and her Orders in Council have closed the discussion on our commercial rights. Our embargo too operates greatly to her advantage, and by the last dispatches from Mr. Pinckney, all hopes from negociation are at an end, while the temper of our administration remains thus hostile. The embargo has defeated our own views which were evidently hostile to Great-Britain; she laughs at its impotency, and is justified in treating us with the most sovereign contempt. Let us see how the account stands, and observe the number of impediments to our accommodation with that power, before, according to our former principles, we can have any commercial arrangement with her.

First, she must repeal her Orders in Council:
Second, her Proclamation respecting seamen:
Third, she must send another mission to this country, for the purpose of repairing the Chesapeak indignity, and then we will consent to grant her our patronage and support. The objection she makes to these uncommon advantages, are; first of all, your embargo hurts yourselves and is beneficial to us; second, you cannot entirely prevent the introduction of our manufactures in your country; third, you are evidently partial to France; fourth, our Orders in Council cannot be repealed without a virtual acknowledgment, that we cannot maintain the measure against our enemy; fifth, we are determined to maintain our proclamation respecting seamen; for if our Orders in Council are only to be defended as an act of necessity or retaliation, our right in this case is clear and indisputable; sixth, the negociation on the Chesapeak affair is at an end, until your proclamation respecting our men-of-war shall be rescinded. These difficulties and more are evidently to be removed before we can be again restored to our former chances of success. These are our prospects abroad; and at home they are not less gloomy and foreboding.

We have traced your predecessor, from his humble endeavours to unite contradictory parties, to his mild perseverance in dangerous neutral claims; and from his peremptory threats of hostility on foreign nations, to his exercise of that hostility on the liberties of this people. We see the constitution invaded, and distraction and despair every where increasing; we see force displace opinion, and the sword the argument of philosophy. Under this state of things, it is useless to tell us that concessions to Great-Britain would be evident subjugation; for if such a state of things continue it is of very little consequence whether we are subjugated or not. How then are our distresses to be relieved? Our hopes, sir, rest in you; as it has been one of the earliest actions of your political life, to defend the constitution, we pray it may be the last, that you should preserve it from deterioration. We are told that the first act of your official duty will be to repeal the last embargo bill; we hope it is true, not only for your honour but your safety. You will then reflect, sir, how ridiculous, hateful, and contemptible your predecessor will appear. He completely confounds the arts of op-

position, by relieving them from the necessity of proving the turpitude and impolicy of the measure; since he admits them by the act of repeal. How the popularity of such a ruler can continue for a moment, appears to me equally dishonourable and unaccountable. If wisdom and virtue are requisite qualities for our rulers, how can the people admire such a man as Mr. Jefferson, in whom, by this very act, they can discover nothing but a complete destitution of both? It can only be reconciled by manifest confusion of ideas, and the grossest perversion of language; for it supposes the people can believe a thing true, after it is proved to be false; and a statesman wise, after his own admission has pronounced him a blockhead.

To you, sir, we look up for succour in despair; for we hope your predecessor will be disappointed in your character. He, no doubt, looked around him for a man fit to succeed him in ruining the country. He had seen the benign influence of the sunshine of Washington's virtues daily increase the publick prosperity and happiness. The gristle and nerve of Mr. Adams was a happy succession; but our happiness has been blighted under the baleful shadow of Mr. Jefferson's policy. He doubtless expects to find you a man prostituted to his views, too servile to resist or to oppose them. He presumes that you will follow a course of danger from which, though he has escaped with life, yet he thinks you will not be so successful; but that either his favourite project of annihilating the extensive commerce of this country must be effected, or his successor must perish in attempting to enforce it. You will enrage him with disappointment, by relieving the desponding hopes of the people; and you will pursue measures calculated to diffuse peace and prosperity throughout the country, even if you drive your predecessor to commit suicide at the disappointment of his ambition.

MARCUS BRUTUS.

MR. BUCKMINSTER'S SERMON.

THE following review was communicated by a correspondent: the principle which it reprobates, *of concealing the failings of the dead, because they can no longer suffer by the detection*, is manifestly unjust, when applied to publick characters. They are in some degree the

property of the publick, and it is but reasonable, that a proper and judicious estimate should be made of the value of their services; and that value will not be accurately determined unless the motives to their actions are considered. Besides, indiscriminate panegyrick on publick men, merely because they happen to die in office, has a direct tendency to confound right and wrong. If Mr. Jefferson were now to yield up his life, either naturally or not, would it not be highly unjust and dishonourable for the Federal papers to go into mourning, and insert long an tedious panegyricks on the *sincerity of his heart, the clearness of his head, and the practical utility of his measures*, when such editors could not but be sensible that it has been difficult to determine, for which of the opposites of those qualities he has been most distinguished; whether for the duplicity of his disposition, the blindness of his reasoning, or the visionary absurdity of his political schemes?

How far the sermon of Mr. Buckminster is chargeable with the predominant fault ascribed to it, we cannot determine, for we have never perused it. At any rate, if any person is offended by the review, the pages of the Ordeal are open to his objections. EDITORS.

REVIEW

Of a Sermon preached at the Church in Brattle-Street, Boston, December 18th, 1808, the Lord's day after the publick funeral of his Excellency JAMES SULLIVAN, *Governour of the Commonwealth of Massachusetts. By* JOSEPH S. BUCKMINSTER, *Minister of the Society in Brattle-Street.*

Rom. xiv. 7. For none of us liveth to himself, and no man dieth to himself.

OUR intention in noticing this sermon is not so much for the purpose of reviewing its style, as the panegyrick it contains on our late Governour. We think the mischief to society incalculable from the adoption of the sentiment *that it is an act of piety to hide the faults and failings of our friends, when they can no longer suffer by the detection.*

That this sentiment is now fast gaining ground in the publick mind is too evident from the fulsome and uniform encomiums with which every character is adorned, that is obtruded on our attention through the medium of gazettes. But we did believe that this prostitution of truth had not obtained in the more solemn and grave compositions of the pulpit; that a minister of Jesus would not, *from personal friendship, permit his fear, his gratitude, or his tenderness, to overpower his fidelity, and tempt him to conceal if not to invent.*

We need not express our astonishment at the sad reverse this sermon presented, nor the feelings of pity and indignation that alternately bore sway over our minds at its perusal. And we should have spared ourselves these observations, and have believed that *the judgment* of our reverend author was the dupe of his *heart*, had he

been content to have held up to our view *the history only* of our late Governour. But when we found Mr. B. attempting to steal a march on our understandings, by more than once deprecating the idea, *that he stood in his pulpit to praise the dead, or flatter the living*, we could not refrain our marked disapprobation of an attempt at deception in a mode so far beneath his character. For he, who thus endeavours to gain credence, ought to be considered the common enemy of mankind; like the pirate, who holds out false colours with the same view.

It has been regretted that biography has been allotted to writers very little acquainted with the nature of their task; and on no occasion could it have been more deeply regretted, than the solemn one on which our author discoursed. The legitimate object of biography must be to encourage virtue, by presenting to its view eminent examples of excellence for imitation; and to repress vice, by shewing its hideous and deformed features, in the characters of the abandoned and depraved. It is therefore generally conceded, that characters which can not afford striking illustrations of either extreme, it is worse than useless to portray. And as from the life of Governour Sullivan a copy of neither could be produced, we remain at a loss for the necessity of this unsolicited biography. Perhaps our author may plead custom for his defence; yet custom ought not to sanction errour. But we forbear seeking the motive that led to this eulogy, when the *undeserved panegyrick* itself ought to be the subject of our animadversion.

We willingly allow Mr. B. the merit of illustrating his text, in general, in a spirited and lively manner; and even yield to him the propriety of comparing *the mind of his Excelleny to a forest which had never been entirely cleared.* As to the rest of this encomiastick piece, it is utterly impossible to discover throughout it any thing but fiction.

The whole life of Governour Sullivan contradicts the assertion, *that he did not live unto himself alone.* Personal aggrandizement was his constant aim; and by one of those unaccountable freaks of fortune, and fluctuations of popular opinion, which now and then occur in the affairs of this world, he obtained the chief magistracy of the commonwealth.

Qualis ex humili magna ad fastigia rerum,
Extollit, quoties voluit fortuna jocari. JUVENAL, Sat. 3.

His conduct as a politician was so changeable, as to make him by turns the jest and scorn of all parties: and in his deportment as a man, the irritability of his temper, and irreconcilable enmity of his character gave universal disgust. In short, we refrain detailing what has already become too stale for a newspaper. And whether we view our late governour as a scholar, a lawyer, or a statesman, we shall find him throughout, excessively ignorant, incorrect, and versatile. As a summary of what is a true description of the man, it may be said that his

mind dwelt upon nothing long; it grasped more than it could contain, and in flitting over the surface, it drew in but shallow draughts from the fountains of science.

We conclude this notice, with recalling to the recollection of our reverend author, for his future guidance, an axiom of uncommon excellence, *that if we owe regard to the memory of the dead, there is yet more respect to be paid to knowledge, to virtue, and to truth.*

MEETING *of the* FRIENDS *to the* EMBARGO AND COMPULSION.

[The friends of the administration, it was presumed by the Federalists, would have been driven from all hope of defending their measures, since the passing of the last embargo bill; but the following *Chronicle account anticipated*, will convince us that they adhere to their former principles, and defend the cause of Mr. Jefferson as stoutly as ever.]

THE friends of the administration, taking into their most wise consideration, that the federal opposition to the measures of government threatened no less than 'to ravage our land with havock, rebellion and murder,' conceived that nothing 'could absolve them from the curses of indignant posterity biting their chains and breaking their teeth in slavery,' but a meeting at this most eventful crisis, expressing the *sense* of their assembly. They saw with concern, 'among *some* sections of the northern states, *many* the dupes of delusion, without enquiry for themselves, but compelled by crafty orders, or professions aiming to seize the *reigns*, seem determined to crush the glorious fabrick;' and therefore, the GREEN-DRAGON tavern, at 7 o'clock, one evening last week, found them all assembled, *in numbers few but terrible in virtue*, in the largest room of that renowned resort. The gentlemen who attended were democrats of the first water; *gentlemen* of the Senate and House of Representatives of this State, as well as *gentlemen* inhabitants of this respectable town, so celebrated for *salt-fish and civil fury*. After several observations from one of the party, Mr. ——, nominated the Honourable Mr. D——, as moderator; he was chosen by a hand vote, although there were some objections whispered, that he lived out of town, and that as one of their own orators in a late town meeting, had publickly desired all country gentlemen to withdraw from that assembly, it would be very inconsistent not only to let such a person *vote* along with them now, but choose him chairman too. The objection however was silenced almost as soon as made, and Mr. D—— opened the meeting. After looking round benignantly for approbation upon the spectators, as is his common custom in the Senate, he smiling, simpered out the following harangue:

Fellow citizens! You all know as well as I do, the object of this meeting; we come here *to say to the* government, that we believe the embargo to be a good measure, that we have no doubt foreign nations think so; and that besides, if it continue a few years longer, there will be no oppression in it. We have met here to say that the last embargo bill is constitutional in all its provisions; and that *if it isn't*, it was dictated by necessity: besides, I always said that government *had a rod in pickle* for the *Federals*. We are, I presume prepared to say, that the suppression of Mr. Canning's letter, was conformable to the republican spirit of telling the people *all*; that the President is not under French influence, and that the *Federals* are a parcel of impudent, inveterate fellows, that do *not* deserve *no* confidence among the republicans. I say, gentlemen, that we must come *forerd* at this time, to say all this, whatever our real opinions may be. For my own part, I do not believe that the embargo has any—*but the least said is soonest mended*; so gentlemen please to express your minds on this occasion. [Loud applauses!]

Mr. D—— after this *luminous* introduction, which we consider to have been in his very best style, both as to manner and matter, sat down, amidst applauses equally loud and well deserved.

After a few moments of modest suspence, that celebrated patriot and injured man, Mr. A——, addressed the assembly. He began by observing that the eloquence of the chairman had very truly unfolded the intentions of the meeting; that the opinions of the honourable gentleman were perfectly congenial to his. Do we not, said he, see the town completely ruled by British agents and British gold; are they not exciting the people to rebellion and murder, against an administration the most virtuous, patriotick and magnanimous that ever was seen upon the face of the earth? An administration headed by a Jefferson, a patriot without spot or blemish, who, like Cincinnatus and Washington, is now retiring to his farm; loaded, sir, not with British gold and tory adulation, but with the benedictions of all good republicans. It has *been* said, sir, that I hold a *fat* office under this administration, and that therefore I have an interest in supporting it. Sir, on this topick, said Mr. A——, as I see the floor 'paved with faces,' I shall beg leave to observe, that I disclaim such sinister designs; *I* hold a fat office! look at me, sir; do I appear as if any office had *fattened me*; do I appear like the blood-sucker of the people? No, sir, I hope you will exonerate me, and I hope my fellow citizens, who may hear me, will exonerate me from so foul and false an imputation. [*Loud and violent applauses.*] I, sir, have suffered for my politicks; but I have been in hot water too long now, sir, to mind a little scalding. I am asked to join the party of British agents who are opposed to our virtuous and patriotick administration, who are doing all they can to render it ridiculous in the eyes of foreign nations; as if the measures of government

did not speak for themselves. [*Applause.*] And, sir, what is my answer? why, sir, it is this; that I can never act with a set of men that will suffer a murderer to walk abroad at noon-day, who will declare the last embargo act unconstitutional, and who will say that the Mr. Jefferson's suppression of the publick document from Mr. Canning, that worse minister than Lord North or the Duke of Grafton, savours of French influence. No, sir, when sedition rears her *gorgon* head, shall I flinch, shall I budge? Sir, I challenge any of my fellow citizens, I challenge any British agent or old tory, if any such are present, to come *forward* and say that I shall. [*Tumultuous sensation.*]

Sir, how could government have acted differently, from the manner in which they have acted? The tories should be the last persons to complain. Was not the British taxation of these states defended by them in 1775; and does the enforcement of the laws of their own country now frighten them? But how could government act, said Mr. A——; I take it for granted, sir, that the embargo system was *necessary*, this I presume no one in this assembly will deny; and that if it had not been for our internal dissensions, the British government would have repealed her Orders in Council six months ago; this assertion he challenged any gentleman to controvert: now, sir, if the people would oppose or evade the operation of the laws, so that the administration could not have a fair chance for their experiment, why, I say, sir, their conduct in laying the new law was just and natural. While human nature exists as it does now, government will enforce their policy, and such philosophers as Mr. Jefferson will require time to test the truth of their experiments. But, sir, has not the effect of this new law been happy beyond example? Are not the tories frightened? They know not how to act; the legislature is puzzled as much as they are; and in the mean time, the army is preparing and collecting to come to Boston and enforce the law, if not by reason, yet at the point of the bayonet! [*Loud applauses and evident satisfaction.*]

He had no idea, he said, of being charged with inconsistency in thus indulging the delights of anticipation, when the military should control the civil power, and make the people happy in spite of their opposition. He was not inconsistent, he contended; to be sure he was as much opposed to the *British* enforcement of taxation before the war as any gentleman; but now, if he opposed similar attempts, it would be going against the government of our own choosing, and one which hates the tories as much as he did. For his part, he saw in this wholesome correction of the stomach of the body politick, no poisonous ingredient; it might be unpalatable, but it became necessary for the national health, to adopt such prescriptions. He saw in the opposers of this system only a junto, who look on *freedom* with a distempered eye; who wish to blow up the administration, to riot on the spoil.

He called on the perturbed spirit of Washington, in its ethereal a-

bode, to blast their hopes, and paralyze their energies: he said that, 'as pestilential vapours obstructing the rays of the sun and infecting the genial breeze, threaten destruction to the natural body; so does any intervention of the state legislature to counteract the direct and genial ray-like operation of the federal government at this particular time, and no other, 'forebode the dissolution of the body politick.' [*Loud and reiterated huzzas.*] He said that, for his part, he should sit down prepared to vote for any thing that should be brought forward by gentlemen, and he wished the moderator to consider him as having seconded any motion, which might be made.

This speech, which was in the most effective and impressive manner of the venerable speaker, seemed to be received with much avidity: and when he alluded to his leanness, and to the necessity of *compelling* the people to be happy, at the expense of letting flow the blood of the opposition, the audience bent with rapture and amazement on his lips. He was followed by Dr. H——, who made a long, and Mr. J——, who made a very oratorical speech; when Mr. B—— rose. He felt himself imperiously called upon, he said, by the allusions which had been made to *fat offices*, and to the evasions of the embargo laws. He took a very rapid glance at the impending difficulties of the nation, and the virtue and wisdom of government. He spoke of the French revolution, and the Ishmaelites of the ocean; he said we should go to war with FRANCE and not with ENGLAND. [*Violent tumult.*] Yes, he repeated it, we should, and must go to war with France; the Orders in Council, he had no doubt were already repealed in our favour; the last embargo law, and all the laws were constitutional; he was publick prosecutor; he had attended to them, he had proved them so on a late occasion, [*loud applause,*] although he had been '*dexterously*' opposed. [*Loud laughing at this wit.*] On that occasion he again remarked, that it was worse than useless to have spoken; had an angel descended from heaven, to speak in favour of Mr. Jefferson, before the *junto*, they would not have been convinced; he could not convince them. Mr. B—— acknowledged he had an office; it was a trouble to him; but it was for the good of his country that he held it; he therefore gloried in it. He said the time might come, when he should no longer be permitted to speak to his fellow citizens; *he* dreaded such times; he had a family, he had a house in Franklin Place; he called on Washington, he appealed to that hero's letters; he eulogized Mr. Jefferson, and praised Mr. Madison; he denounced the idea of a separation of the states; made an elegant allusion to the late speech of the Lieut. Governour; sneered at the impotency of the measures of the state legislature, and concluded in the language of a great statesman and patriot, 'society is yet strong, Americans virtuous and enlightened; Americans, steady and determined, will continue their confidence in their efforts. They will rally round the national constitution, cling to their government, and

should they be driven to the edge of a precipice, keep their hold on the extremity of its exit, and sink with it into the awful abyss.' The rapturous applause when Mr. B—— closed; the clapping of hands, throwing up hats, and the loud huzzas, obliged the audience to open the windows for the sake of some air. Mr. A——, the town-crier, then rose; he said that the embargo was a heavenly visitation for the sins of this people, that God willed it, that true religion began to flourish, and when it spread all over the land the embargo would come off of itself. That heaven had sent the frost to blockade our harbour; that it came on purpose to aid the government. That Mr. Jefferson was an angel, that he himself was formerly town-crier, that now he was religious; that he formerly cried lost children, but now he was lost himself; lost in the heaven of heavens. He said he was a good citizen, paid taxes; he hoped the embargo would remain on as a punishment for the sins of the people. [*Remainder in our next.*]

THE STAGE.

REMARKS *on* 'FOSCARI, *or the* VENETIAN EXILE,' *a Tragedy, written by* JOHN B. WHITE, Esq. *printed at Charleston.*

AMONG indifferent writers, nothing is more frequent than their prefatory anticipations of critical condemnation; these gentlemen-ushers of the courts of Parnassus, apparently sensible of the inferiority of their station, are continually deprecating the authority of reviewers, whilst their very nerves are trembling at the dictates of the critick Such, we imagine, are the opinions of Mr. White, from the deplorable strain of the prologue to this piece, which seems in its very terms to authorise the propriety of the severest reprehension.

'He, trembling, doubts, yet strives for your applause;
Ah! be not too severe—with gentle hand,
Cherish this scion of your native land,
To *all* your care, his offspring he commends.'

Our author then proceeds to invoke the protection of the fair:

'But chief to you, ye fair, he gently sues,
For who will dare to blame, if you refuse?
Be kind then, gild your poet's humble name,
Your smile is victory, your applause is fame!'

As Mr. White must doubtless, feel relieved under any censure, however severe, provided his suit be granted, we shall feel the less reluctance, (since we confess his play is well calculated to inspire the sex with a general sentiment of approbation,) in making such strictures as may have occurred to us during its perusal.

The story may be shortly told. Foscari, a young Venetian, son to the Doge, had been exiled for five years to the island of Candia, as the supposed murderer of Count Donato, the father of Almeria, to whom he is attached; but the council of ten ordered him back to Venice in chains, to answer to another charge preferred against him, at the instigation of Count Erizzo. This charge was no less than his daring to supplicate the Duke of Milan to exert his influence in Venice for his pardon; for to claim protection of any foreign prince was a high offence in a citizen of Venice. The play opens with an animated account of the arrival of Foscari, related to *Valeria*, his mother, who it seems knows nothing of his being expected, or for what purpose he has returned. Valeria, with all a mother's fondness, thinks of a thousand interesting events, and is exceedingly avaricious of intelligence.

'O feast a mother's ears! come, tell her all
That in the least concerns her only son.
The bark! didst thou behold the bark!'

But all this joy is regularly turned into mourning, for the mother immediately begins to forebode something dreadful; she now recollects 'she dreamed a dream last night,' and her soul's prophetick eye sees 'Her Foscari expos'd upon the wheel,' she 'hears him groan,' and sees 'him expire.' The Doge says all he can think of to enliven her thoughts, but her dream prevents his success; this vision contains all the terrors of a German novel, 'lonely cliff, rough-hewn brow, frowning dreadful o'er the deep,' a storm arising; 'the vivid lightning' and 'the muttering roar of heavy thunder told of the tempest near!'

'and the sad Curlew
Join'd her discordant note, to make the scene
More terrible!'

This last is rather an example of the art of sinking: But Valeria proceeds; 'the blast howls, darkness veil'd the face of nature, nothing could be seen but the white-capt billows and the sea-bird;' but that was a mistake, for immediately she

'sees a bark,
Now lift on high, now buried in the deep;'

and then she sees something else,

'A wave bore up an *object* to my view;
And at the moment when the angry surf
Had left the beach, I sprang to save the wretch;'

through the darkness, it seems, she discerned all this;

'It was Foscari! breathless and cold;
I dragged him to the shore.'

The Doge is unable to withstand the tale, and exclaims, 'O horrible!' But didst thou not awake at this?' No, Valeria replies, for while she was administering comfort to her reviving son, there rose

'A monster from the sea, of form terrifick,
And tore him from her arms.'

Then, indeed, she shrieked aloud, and in rather a prosaick line, she tells the consequence:

'And by the exertions which I made, awoke.'

'Count Erizzo now comes in to inform the Doge of his son's arrival; this man is the lover of Almeria, and rival of Foscari; though he is not known to have been the evil contriver of all the misfortunes which have assailed him. The Doge, however, believes him to be an enemy, and a very malignant one; and we cannot readily discover a motive of policy in the breast of Erizzo, to pay this visit. He acknowledges himself the murderer of *Donato*, in the subsequent scene, because he refused him the hand of Almeria, and by his intrigues, the crime was falsely fixed upon Foscari: this was surely all he wanted, and what end his visit to Foscari's parents could promote, it were perhaps useless to enquire of the author, who *probably had never asked himself*. However, on this visit, the Doge and Erizzo, dispute, and part enraged; Erizzo then engages a bravo to assassinate the Doge, and watch for Almeria, whom the count supposes is somewhere immured, in consequence of her grief in supposing Foscari to have murdered her father. Now though she had been secluded for five years, yet the *Count* never thought of endeavouring to discover her concealment, until *Foscari* returned. *Foscari* then appears before the council of ten, to answer to his charge; he confesses that he wrote the letter in question, and entrusted it to Policarpo, the assassin, because he knew he would betray him. He only wanted to return to Venice, that he might see his parents; and was willing to encounter, for that pleasure, all the dangers following from the commission of the crime. He is then sentenced to *perpetual* banishment, to the isle of Candia, though he is allowed to see his parents before he goes. They, in the mean time, but the poet does not inform us how, have discovered, that he has been carried before the council, on this new charge: and they enter as soon as Foscari is departed, and solicit for his pardon. But all the father's arguments, and all the mother's tears, fall upon understandings of lead, and hearts of adamant. *To be continued.*

ADVERSARIA.

Quid est, quod negligenter scribamus adversaria?...*Cic.*

THE LEGISLATURE.

THE article headed '*The Legislature of Massachusetts*,' in our last number, contained an errour, in point of fact, when it stated that the report of the committee on petitions, passed in the house without op-

position or debate. The mistake arose from false information, received on the day of publication. But yet we hold to the truth of all the rest of the observations contained in the article. That the report was greatly deficient in energy, and that every thing is expected from the legislature of this commonwealth, which can reasonably be hoped from talents and wisdom, joined to virtue and principle, is our most firm and unequivocal belief. It is on this spot where we are to look for that systematick, constitutional opposition, which it will be vain to seek elsewhere; the legislature is destined we believe, to rescue our country from destruction; at least, if the nation is to be saved, we think this great result can only be produced by the operation of all the talents, all the resources, all the energy, and all the virtue of Massachusetts.

LIES.

'THE principles of the embargo, and the policy upon which it was entered into, have undergone no change whatever.' *Aurora.*

This is bare-faced enough. The argument of *precaution* is now ended, even by the advocates of the administration in Congress; and surely the *last embargo act* is, to say the least, *an extension of the violation* which the constitution received in the first bill.

'Not a port is open now that was not open twelve months ago.' *Aurora.*

Where are the ports of Portugal and Spain, and all the dependencies of those nations?

'A traitor in the senate house dares to invite a section of the union to *treasonable resistance.*' *Aurora.*

Let the author of this calumny step forward to produce a single proof in justification of so vile an assertion. There is not the slightest shadow of evidence, that any member of the senate has hinted at the propriety of popular resistance to these laws; much less to *treasonable* resistance. And as to the word *traitor*, let it recoil upon the coiner; it does not deserve refutation.

1 'A faction, a contemptible, pitiful, despicable faction, echoes this treasonable purpose; and the *gold* and the *emissaries* of England are beheld *violating the law.*

2 Their ministers holding out proclamations to violate the law, and proclaiming an indemnity for all who shall violate our laws.

3 Seditious town-meetings are set on foot in different states, and subscriptions are opened to hire *bravos* by the day, to oppose the voice of the people, and to substitute the voice of this *hired mob* for the *voice of the people.*

4 Collectors are prevailed upon to resign their offices.

5 The people are invited to resist the laws.' *Aurora.*

Of these five *lies* it is not necessary to say much; the author *knew*

them to be such, at the moment he penned them. Where has the *law* been violated, in the peculiar phraseology of the Aurora, 'by the *gold* and *emissaries* of England?' Positively, nowhere: the charge is ridiculous, both in terms and fact.

It is sufficient to say, the ministers of England *do not* proclaim 'an indemnity *for all who should violate our laws*,' but if they did, what has that to do with the embargo policy?

'Seditious town-meetings, *hired bravoes*,' and '*hired mobs*!' Such terms come very ungracefully from the pen of one, who has himself been a hired *bravo*, to assassinate principle and virtue. Though they are consistent enough with his character; for they all come regularly under the *head of the present article*.

We challenge the editor of the Aurora, to produce his instances where any *collectors* have been prevailed upon to resign their offices. The charge is false, and so is the last insinuation, that the people are *invited* to resist the laws.

MISTAKES.

'Perhaps the annals of legislation do not afford an example of a vote so extraordinary, as that of the raising of the embargo, in the house of representatives, on the third instant.' *Aurora.*

There is one exception, at least, to be made to the assertion, and then, we will agree to the fact, though by no means to the conclusions to which it has led the author; we mean the *precipitation* with which the *original* embargo measure was carried through Congress.

'We have never, on great publick questions, suffered individual interest to withhold great and necessary truths.'—*Aurora.* This mistake it is useless to make more plain than it is already.

TRUTHS, *from the same article.*

'In this state of things, so little are these men in congress fitted for their stations, that

All law is forgotten—
National rights are overlooked—
National shame is not considered—'

All this is positively true; which is the more remarkable, as it is discovered in a column of *lies*, *mistakes* and *misrepresentations*, equally numerous, malignant, and shameful.

BON MOT.

A gentleman lately observing some of Mr. Jefferson's *amphibious* animals, the *dismounted* dragoons, employed in rowing the castle barge on 'the full tide of successful experiment,' remarked, that he had often *heard* of a HORSE-MARINE, but never *saw* one before.